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The Ethical Problems of Neutrality

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

IT seems obvious that the overwhelming majority of the American people are determined not to repeat their performance of 1917. Were a referendum taken now, only a negligible minority would vote for our military embroilment in this war. I speak today as a Christian minister, who profoundly agrees with this determination; indeed, who agrees so strongly that, were the United States to enter this war, I should have to be a conscientious objector. But I speak also with deep concern about some ethical problems involved in this popularly accepted American neutrality.

A serious concern should at once arise when one considers some kinds of people who are shouting, Stay out of this war! At first, when public hysteria might have carried our country into the European conflict, one naturally welcomed all voices that cried, Stay out. Now, however, when the first shouting is over, when the overwhelming majority obviously proposes to stay out, when one has a chance to look around at the people who have been shouting with him, Stay out, I, for one, feel at times concerned about the company in which I find myself. For mingled with the American crowd shouting for neutrality are some who care little about mankind as a whole and are thinking only of their own comfort and safety; some who are even calculating their profit in staying out; some who want to stay not only out of the war, but even out of the World Court, and who scorn endeavors after organized peace; some who do not care enough for democracy and liberty to be poignantly concerned about the issues of this conflict—people, that is, with whose reasons for staying out no Christian has any business to be satisfied. Sometimes a man is embarrassed by those who differ with him; sometimes he is embarrassed by those who agree with him.

Let us recognize, therefore, that this popularly accepted American neutrality presents us with a dubious

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ethical situation that critically needs thinking through in terms of Christian attitudes. Indeed, throw the perspective of history around the scene! The sixty-seventh Psalm begins with these arresting words: "God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us. That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations." Involved in that prayer, I suspect, is the gist of our American problem today. O Israel, you too found yourself in a situation where your first business was to pray for your own safety and welfare—no use getting into other people's wars—your primary obligation to look to yourself and preserve inviolate the trusteeship of spiritual life that had been committed to you. But at your best, your motive and spirit in doing that have made an incalculable difference to the world. Your psalmists and prophets plead with you to pray for yourself, to keep inviolate your sacred trusteeship not simply for your own sake but for the world's sake. "God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us. That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations." Too many in the American crowd today stop that text in the middle; no neutrality is ethically justified that does not go through to the end.

An even more serious concern may well arise about our popularly accepted American neutrality when one considers that many in the American majority now crying, Stay out of this war, cannot be trusted to maintain that attitude if the war continues and the heat is put on. Their reasons for staying out are too superficial, too selfish, not deeply grounded, not ethically defensible enough—they will not stand the gaff. I have watched this American crowd today crying, Stay out of war, and have found myself saying that tomorrow, if the emotional climate changes, a lot of you will be crying, Get in. . . .

WHEN SENSE OF MISSION IS DANGEROUS

Be sure, my friends, that if we ever do get into this war it will be our American sense of mission that takes us in. Nobody understands our people who does not know that we are born crusaders. We love the excitement of causes, the thrill of answering slogans like "Make the World Safe for Democracy." It was our sense of mission that popularly got us into the last war, and it is our sense of mission that is most likely to take us into this one. How entirely typical it is that an American lawyer, returning from viewing the chaos in China, after a thoughtful appraisal of the situation suddenly burst out, "One can't help wanting to take a couple of regiments of American marines over there and clean up the whole mess." That's the spirit! Every American understands that. And now, with this sense of mission in us, see how the propagandists will go to work on us! Already they begin to say to America: You are the strongest nation in the world; you have over half the gold supply of the world in your coffers; no nation approaches you in economic self-sufficiency; westward the course of empire takes its way, and rests at last on you; you are the decisive nation; no people has such power to sway the destinies of humankind. My word! How we lap that up!

Now, with this sense of mission in us, played on by this appeal to our national pride, we will get into this war unless we dig deep other positive channels for our sense of mission to flow in, namely: that we are not only justified, but are under the most solemn obligation to the world to stay out of this conflict until we can use our power constructively for peace.

WAR THE DESPOILER

Ah, war! I hate you most of all for this—that you lay your hands upon the loveliest things in human life, that rightly used would make a heaven on earth, and you use them to make a hell on earth here today. You take our courage and instead of letting it be a benediction to the world, you use it to bomb cities, and sack cathedrals, and slay men. You take our loyalty by which the earth might be redeemed, and you harness it to an enterprise that inevitably means the rape of women, and the slaughter of children, and the starvation of whole populations. You take our religion, and to help your deadly work you rend our God into pieces, and make of him tribal deities before whom men pray, as old barbarians before our Lord prayed to their idols as the gods of war. You take our science, the fruit of our dedicated intelligence, and you make of that an effective implement of hatred, so that whereas Napoleon never saw a battle line over fifteen miles long, we have battle lines hundreds of miles long, and death falls from the skies, and bursts from the earth, and hurtles from unseen ambuscades fifty miles away. And now, if we let you, you will lay your hands upon one of the finest things in America—our sense of mission, our desire to be of use in the world—and you will employ that to hurl us into the bloody maelstrom of another European war that a generation from now, like the last, will be a record of blasted hopes and futile outcomes.

This last week I actually received a letter from a man who wanted us to get ready to go into this war on the basis of Jesus' parable of the Good Samaritan. Britain and France, so he pictured them, were the victims of brutal robbers about to strip them of everything that they possess, and we, the Americans, were cast in his mind for the role of the Good Samaritan to go over to Europe and save the situation. That is the kind of popular appeal that will draw us in if anything does. But how absurd it is! So we are to be Jesus' Good Samaritan, are we? and send another conscript army to Europe to blast cities, bomb families, starve populations, help spread the devastation wider, and add ourselves to the dilapidated wreckage of the nations? That's Jesus' idea of the Good Samaritan, is it? Pardon me if I say, not profanely but with literal exactness, That is a devil of a Good Samaritan!

THE CURRENT WAR POLITICAL

See, my friends, America cannot thus help the world's humanitarianism and democracy by getting into this war. This war is not primarily about humanitarianism or democracy. The nazis, with a cruelty for which history never will forgive them, have persecuted the Jews; but so, too, the Polish Jews have been for years among the most wretched in the world, and the persecution of the

Jews could have gone on, as it has gone on for centuries, with no war started about it. This war is not about that. Christianity and democracy are in my faith intimately intertwined, and, of course, our sympathies are with the democracies against the dictatorships. But this war is not primarily about democracy. Both sides in this conflict eagerly sought alliance with Stalin. Both sides eagerly seek alliance with Turkey. Both sides eagerly are making love to Mussolini. Both sides naturally, inevitably, will take help anywhere that they can get it—from democracy or dictatorship alike. This conflict does involve issues that will affect the democratic cause, but at bottom it is a fight for the balance of political power in

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Europe. And while, to be sure, if there must be a balance of political power in Europe, I want the democracies to have it, America cannot help best by going to war in Europe about that!

Indeed, one of the most amazing things in the American attitude today is the way the war in Europe has blacked out the war in Asia. I beg of you, do not forget that! Repeatedly in the columns of our popular writers one runs upon paragraphs full of "ifs" like this: If the nazis should win; if they should establish naval bases in western Africa; if the balance of power in Europe should shift to the dictatorships, would not that make a difference to the United States? Well, let me do some "ifing." If Japan should conquer China; if she should possess herself of China's illimitable natural resources, and of the serf labor of millions of Chinese coolies with which to develop them; and if, with these resources, she should fulfill her ambition to master the whole Pacific basin, would that make no difference to the United States? Of course, the answer is that anything important in this world makes a difference to the United States. But does anybody seriously propose plunging into the war in Asia to settle the balance of power there? Upon the contrary, be it said to our shame, for years we have been the chief source of Japan's munitions for prosecuting a campaign in China that in cruelty and extent of misery makes even the dastardly assault on Poland seem tame in comparison. And yet, there is just as much reason—perhaps, if one considers the great strength of France and Britain to take care of themselves, as China cannot, *more* reason, for our going into Asia than for our going into Europe.

My fellow citizens, we need realistic hardheadedness. We are not only ethically defensible in staying out. We are under the solemnest obligation to the world to stay out of Asiatic and European wars.

Nevertheless, beware in what spirit we stay out. Look at the world out there today with millions making the uttermost sacrifice for causes that seem to them holy, and we sit safely here! "God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us." Is that all?

'SLEEK NEUTRALITY'

Last summer our British friend, Dr. Norwood, preached in this pulpit at the time that war was being declared. In saying farewell in this pulpit, as he went back to his own people in Canada, he remarked that a "sleek neutrality" was not enough for the United States. He has been seriously criticized for that. Let me defend him. He did not say what the newspapers reported him as saying. He said not one word about this country's getting into war. He spoke with restraint, as a gentleman, as a Christian, but he did say that a sleek neutrality is not enough. And he is right! Neutrality can be sleek—smug, selfish, complacent, comfortable, sleek. "God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us. That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations." Only such neutrality is ethically defensible.

In practically implementing this prayer, there are, I think, two particular needs in the American attitude that should be met. In the first place, we need in America a profound conviction that in our American democracy, imperfect though it is, we have a trusteeship worth preserving for the sake of all mankind. Countless voices tell us today that democracy is in danger. Indeed it is. To be sure, I suspect it is not in critical danger in Britain and France. No matter what happens they will still control the seas, and they are very strong. But as Russia emerges in this struggle, the only present victor, casting her dark shadow even now across the Scandinavian democracies, a presage of possible disaster to the democratic cause arises that may well make our hearts stand still.

Now, when in a situation like this the strongest democracy on earth says, as we are saying, that we will not go into the conflict, that determination needs to be examined. I think it is right. The greatest destroyer of democracy in the world is war itself. Its totalitarian control and dictatorial regimentation of the whole people's life destroys democracy while war is in progress, and afterwards war's consequences are so chaotic that almost inevitably, with victor and victim alike, dictatorship rises as the only resource for the security of the

disrupted people. The last war, fought for democracy, destroyed more democracy than any Genghis Khan in history ever did, and this war threatens to match its record. It is true that we could easily make war for democracy abroad and lose it at home. I think we are right in staying out.

OUR OWN DEMOCRACY IMPERILED

Yet, in a world where men of conscience and character and courage are by millions going out willing to die, as they think, for democracy, we cannot stay smugly out, and be content with a sleek neutrality. If men can die for it, then we can live for it, and it needs living for. If our neutrality is to be justifiable, at the heart of it there must be a deep conviction that, in our American way of life, blending all the European peoples who cannot live together there but can live together here in our American civil liberty and democratic order, we have a trusteeship worth preserving and not lightly to be thrown away in the bloody maelstrom of another European war.

O America, look to your sense of mission in this regard. Awake your conscience about these wretched economic inequalities that spoil our democracy! Watch the rise among our own people of an ugly anti-Semitism that denies democracy. Face afresh the ways in which we treat our minorities. It may well be that we and a few others will be left, the only representatives of the democratic order of life, in a world that has gone mad. All the more, then, make your democracy vital and strong, its resources and morale unimpaired, that, far from perishing, its seeds may have a new sowing and a new harvest. "God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us. That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations."

There is, however, an even more serious need in the American attitude to be met if that prayer is to be implemented. I deeply fear the effect of our determination to stay out of this war upon the whole mind-set of our people. Being isolationists with reference to this conflict, will the isolationist attitude be so deeply ingrained in us that we will be isolationists still when peace comes, and once more refuse a share in building a society of nations? Here I, today, a Christian minister, stand in the pulpit saying, Stay out! But when comes the day, as come it will, that peacemaking arrives, and the nations, tired of war and sick of its tragic aftermath, endeavor to build a society of nations to gain the security and peace of all, I shall be standing here, God willing, saying, Go in—now we do have a responsibility to help build a federated world! Shall we find then that all too successfully we have said, Stay out of Europe, until the isolationist attitude is so ingrained that once more we shall fail a World Court and a League of Nations? That is, I think, the deepest peril associated with our popularly accepted neutrality.

NO CHRISTIAN AN ISOLATIONIST

Of course, there is another side to the matter. There are some people in this nation, fortunately very few in number, for whose attitude I have nothing but contempt. For a generation now they have been saying, Europe is none of our business; stay out of the League of Nations; stay out of the World Court; Europe's affairs are not ours. But today some of them are saying, Get in! Roll up your sleeves, and send a conscript army, and solve Europe's affairs! That combination of attitude—staying out of peace and getting into war, I submit, is stupid and wicked.

The greater danger today, however, lies with that more numerous company to which most of us belong. Stay out of this war, we are saying, and every time we say it the isolationist's habit of mind is deepened. Shall we be able to break that thralldom when the time comes to help the world toward the only hope that ever can ultimately bring peace—that is, an organized society of peoples?

No Christian can ultimately be an isolationist. The world is an integrated whole. If ever the nations are saved, they must be saved together. Isolationists from Asiatic and European wars—yes! But isolationists from serious endeavors to make Asia and Africa and Europe and the Americas a peaceful society of nations—no! O America! for that high end conserve your strength; to that high end lift up your earnest prayer, "God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us. That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations."

Shuttered Minds

By Roy A. Burkhart

I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid . . . and I hid myself. Gen. 3:10.

MINDS, like windows, should have shutters. But these shutters, necessary as feet and hands, when wrongly used are little enemies which destroy personal happiness, create discord, stop growth, produce disease and finally cause physical and spiritual death.

I

It is always interesting to watch minds at work and see how they use shutters. There is the individual who is always negative in his view; he opens his shutters in bad weather and closes them when the sun shines. He sees only failure, only defeat, only chaos. To him youth is hopeless, the future is dark, the past is a fake. He looks for mistakes in his children, for poor service by his grocer, and for a slipup by his wife. He is true to the old proverb, "Blessed is he who expects nothing for he will never be disappointed."

There is the person who has his shutters open only to himself and his family and closed to all others. He spends thousands of dollars on himself and gives pennies to the church and to charity. He asks his help to work for wages and under conditions he would never endure himself. He wants everything; he gives little. He knows everything; other people know nothing. He has answers to all questions. He salutes the flag but he is a king wherever he goes; all others are subjects. Everything

has a personal reference to him. He is central; all else is marginal.

Here is a person whose shutters are always open to the old, ever closed to the new. She is a standpatter. She fights and defends what is. She is like the woman who said, "If we ever find that evolution is true, let us do all in our power to hush it up." She tears off the sheets of her calendar month by month, year by year, watching the pageant of time marching on while she fights to save her day for tomorrow. At any cost, whether in politics, in government, in industry, in education, in churchmanship, she is ever seeking to cram and calm all life into categories. She serves coffee and knits stockings for all those who stone to death the human spearpoints of progress.

Another person has the shutters open to the silly and closed to the profound things of life. He is always looking for a laugh. He wants entertainment. He is seeking some means of forgetting the mess he has made of life, his littleness, his insignificance and his rottenness. He is the life of the party till his jokes are told. He is like the fellow who boarded an old streetcar with this greeting to the conductor, "Well, Noah, is the ark full?" The conductor replied, "Nope, we have room for one more jackass, come in."

Another has his window open to the gutter and all the literature, the movies, the conversation, the thoughts that flow through it. His shutters are ever closed to the hills, the world of nature, the classics, great music and art, and to his higher destiny. He wallows but rarely sees the blossoms on yonder apple tree. He worships a strip-tease; he has never heard of the madonna.

One man has the shutters open only to business, to the serious things of life. He talks business; he is always solving problems; no matter where he is, he is always in his shop. He cannot laugh; he never played; he can't see the point to jokes. His children hide from him in broad daylight; his wife salutes him in the morning, is at rest during the day, stands at attention in the evening.

Or here is a person who closes the shutters permanently to some fact or phase of his life or to some fault so that it is ever kept from the healing power of the light of day. It may be some past sin which continues to fester in his soul—some lie told, some injustice done, something stolen, somebody hurt. It goes on festering while he struggles to fasten tighter and tighter the shutters of his mind. The pollution, beginning in a little nook of the mind, finally diseases all his thinking. Periods of deep depression, lack of power, absence of radiance and finally a serious onset of mental sickness may come of it. Not that we should parade our sins, but we must deal with them; we must find a solution for whatever estrangement from our best selves, our God or our loved ones they may cause.

And so often, people close the shutters on some phase of the self like a physical handicap. When a person tries to hide something he creates abnormality. Let a man who is short of stature be worried about it so that he closes the shutters, what will happen? He may turn out to be a bully or he may strut his stuff in order to appear to others as he does not appear to himself. A Christmas card from an eastern state to me this year had written on it, "Haven't touched a drop for one solid year." That man once lived in Columbus. A year ago we were able to help him get a cure from acute alcoholism. Why did he become an acute alcoholic? He had a very noticeable physical handicap. He always tried to close the shutters on it. Consequently it was ever vivid in his mind and created social tension. He resorted to alcohol to achieve relaxation when with others. He chose mental illness in place of a handicap. When we once sold him on accepting his handicap, a cure for alcoholism soon came.

Or here is a person who never graduated from col-

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lege. He feels inferior because of it. He closes the shutters on his lack of education and before he knows it he is taking on a way of behaving like unto a college graduate. He acts as if he graduated. He talks with finality; he is sure of himself, often cocky. Or he may take the opposite road and go completely back into his shell, shun people or keep quiet when with them, ever quaking for fear someone might ask, "Where did you go to college?" Now, in either case the shutters are so unnecessary. A college education has value but it gives no one a valid reason for feeling superior and it is no guarantee of an educated person. By self-study and growth he can be educated. I know persons who never were in college that are more educated than others who have higher degrees. Let him open the shutters and accept himself in terms of all he is and can become. If asked, "What was your college?" let him answer, "The University of Life."

And here is a person who opens the shutters to the best in the old and to the best in the new. He looks

wide-eyed into the future. He has nothing hidden that ought to be known. He faces his defeats and his victories alike. He goes to people and is approachable. He is neither too aggressive nor too recessive. He closes his shutters to the cheap, the shallow, the false, and he keeps enough periods of solitude to regain insight, perspective, and recover his spiritual power.

These, then, are some of the ways people use the shutters of the mind. Used aright, they are a blessing; used wrongly, they are little yet dangerous enemies of the mind.

II

When God walked in the Garden of Eden, after Adam's sin, the latter could not be found. He had done something that would not bear God's attention. So he closed the shutters on rusty hinges. When David arranged for the polite slaying of an attractive young man, he closed the window of truth that he knew.

But rather than face it negatively, let us ask, When should the shutters be open? They should always open to the truth about us, about our failures, our successes, our abilities, our weaknesses, our sins and our victories. We need ever to see things as they are, not as we think they are or want them to be. A person is sane and emotionally healthy to the extent to which he can look at situations or people in light of the true facts. Most of our personal troubles are caused when we see life as we want or feel it to be. It is here that we find the source of most of our mental and physical breakdowns. Wrong vocations are chosen, wrong marriages are consummated, wrong courses are taken, wrong conclusions reached because of the refusal to see life as it is.

Social progress is so difficult in all areas because the shutters of minds are closed to the north winds of cold fact and objective reason. It is not truth we want; it is our feelings we want to save. And of course it is easier to feel than to think and on the basis of that thinking to act. The shutters should always open to positive action, thinking and purposing. We cannot put nothing in life and then take something out. If there is to be meaning in life, we must put it there. We can never do more than we believe. Our faith always goes farther than our realization. When we have reached the farthest point in work, in love, in our efforts for peace, brotherhood, economic justice, democracy, our faith has blazed a trail still farther on. When the engineer has come to the end of his efforts, his hopes are way on ahead. When Edison came to the end of his inventing, he opened his eyes and spoke softly but surely, "It is beautiful over there."

No matter how rotten our politics, there are always those who believe things can and must be better. No matter how many billions are spent for defense and for war, there are always those who dream of peace. And here is the hope of the world—the shutters of some minds kept open to faith.

Of course, this is beneficial in our everyday life. The man whose windows are always open to failure, to weakness, to possible trouble, is never getting anywhere. He is putting nothing into life, he obviously can get nothing out. When he expects little, how can he get much? Many a person goes through life with half his powers because he calls forth no more. He carries only fifty pounds when he could bear two hundred. He sees ten prospects when he could see twenty. And when he sees a prospect he expects defeat before he makes a true try for a sale. Marriages are average, work is half-done, life is never lived because shutters are open to the thunder and closed to the dawn.

Some people close shutters to the possible and open them to things about which they can do nothing. "If only I had studied." "Why did I marry him?" "Why was I born?" "Why was I a girl?" "If only I had been a preacher instead of a bartender!" What is done, is done. Yesterday will be no more. What you sowed you will reap. You have today; you may have tomorrow; there is a chance that a little of the future is yours. Keep the shutters to the future open.

Keep the shutters open to the sunlight of our great common wealth. How many minds are closed to it! They get moldy, diseased, and then die for want of light. How about our reading? What kind of fare are we serving our minds? How many of us get beyond the newspaper? What fiction, what drama, what books of travel? What do we read on economics, on world relations, on philosophy, on history? With what resources and appreciation? What about music? Are we at home with the masters? When they speak, do we hear and understand? Are our ears tuned for drums or for symphonies? What about art? Do we go through art galleries or do we live with art? Do we see pictures or can we surrender to them? What kind of movies do we like best? The kind that make us feel cheap or the kind that help us live better, the kind that make us stoop or the kind that make us climb?

What about nature? Are we at home with a fire by a lake? Can we climb a hill and sit on a rock and dream it is a palace? Can we walk into the wind and sing with its music? Do we know the voices of the night? Have we waited for the dawn and kept vigil with the evening? Have we listened to a bird, spoken to a stray field mouse, wiped the sweat from a horse's neck? Have we built a fire at the end of a long hike and did we lie there looking at the ascending smoke, feeling at home in the world and sensing the nearness of Him who guides the distant star and lives in the humblest heart?

Ah, blessed are the minds whose shutters are open to the life-giving and healing light of our great common wealth.

Minds must also be open to the creative tasks of life. So many people are neurotic because they have no chance to be creative or heroic. One cannot go on receiving all his life and live. One cannot always be only a consumer. A person is truly religious if his total life is given to creation, to sustenance, to the fostering of fellowship or mutuality. How better can we describe the work God has been doing through all the generations? He is Creator, Sustainer, Unifier. We see the life of Jesus given almost solely to these. He did not destroy what was of worth, he never robbed,

and he did not use violence but the methods of fellowship.

Some men create but then rob and use methods of violence. Others sustain but never create. Still others use the method of fellowship but neither create nor sustain. Other persons create and then destroy their creation—they bring children into the world and then blight them forever. Men live and their lives can have meaning only as they give themselves to life's true trinity—creation, sustenance and mutuality.

Now the interesting thing is that many a man is religious and yet he is unaware of it. He is doing God's work, cooperating with God—the scientist in his laboratory, the physician in his practice, the engineer with his blueprints, the social worker in her ministry, the salesman in his selling. And God is glad. Little men want credit; big men never do. I went with a real gunman to hunt. The farmer asked us to shoot pigeons before taking to the field. I shot thirty times and got six. The real gunner shot thirty times and got eighteen. When the shouting ceased, I declared, "I got six." The real gunner said, "That was fun." I had to talk; his pigeons talked for him. Being a "little shooter," I sought credit. He, being a "big shooter," did not need it; he could shoot. Big athletes, big men, never seek credit.

Above all men is God. He seeks no credit. The big thing is for men to live, to share—yes, to create, to sustain, to unify God's family. But men who live by faith in God, who appropriate the great spiritual resources of life, have more power and find more meaning in life's great trinity. Let us keep the shutters open to the God way of life.

III

But should not shutters ever be closed? Is there not some kind of mental weather when the mind's house is better with them closed? Yes, we have already hinted the answer. We close them to the cheap, the fallacious. We swing them when storms of gossip arise, when the winds of worry and anxiety begin to blow. We lock them against howling fears and the blinding snow of disillusionment.

Of course, to close the shutters on these means that we will have to open them on something else. Margaret Sangster says it beautifully:

First snow beat on my window,
Making a song on the pane,
And I shuddered because it was different
From the gentle song of the rain.
And I dared not say in my heart of hearts
That the spring would come again!

Sorrow stood on my threshold,
Sorrow as cold as tears—
And I shut my eyes, and my fingers
Were pressed tight over my ears;
And I fled from the face of sorrow
And dwelt alone with my fears.

And then in the utter stillness
I heard a voice, and it said—
"First snow must come, and sorrow,
But springtime is never dead!"
And I opened my eyes and tried to smile,
And I saw that my fears had fled!

But there is a positive aspect to closed shutters. There are times when we need to go into our inner lives, when the sights and sounds of our outer world must be shut out. We must do it to refind the very sources of our living, to come into touch with the great inner and unseen world. He who never answers the voice within can never have a voice without. The great insights and the ideas that have redeemed the world have always come to men when they were shuttered from the world about them. Find a little time each day when you go into the inner room of your life. Close the shutters and listen to the voice of God in your soul. It will be life for you; it will be a way into the day, a trail through the night, power for sickness, strength for work, endurance for trouble, a blueprint for your eternity.

Yes, as swing the shutters of the mind, so will your destiny be.

Keeping Our Faith In Human Nature

By Horace Westwood

NO writer of modern times has revealed greater powers of descriptive writing than the Spanish novelist, Ibanez. At the close of his novel *Blood and Sand* he depicts a marvelous though terrible scene. It is a description of a bull fight, in which after being tortured to the point of madness, the frenzied animal catches the matador with his horns and proceeds to gore him as he lies on the floor of the arena. Finally, the matador is rescued and is taken from the ring, but only to die. However, the fight goes on. The blood lust of the mob is insatiable. And Ibanez closes the novel with words something like these: As the stretcher bearers carried the dying matador from the arena, he heard the roar of the only beast there is—Humanity.

These words are a frightful stricture upon human nature. But as I recalled them, I was reminded of a comment made by Satan in Mark Twain's *Mysterious Stranger*. One of the characters speaks of man's brutality to man. Satan in effect replies: "Why insult the brute creation? No animal is capable of such cruelty as man. Even jackals and wolves would scorn to do what men do to their fellows." As we look out upon the contemporary scene, we realize how bitingly true these words are. I have just been reading the description of a concentration camp, written by a cultured Jewish physician who was imprisoned for no other reason than that he was a member of his race. Such horrors, such cruelties, such terrorism, such depths of depravity are really unthinkable. It is impossible to imagine that men can fall to such levels of abomination. Yet they do.

I need not remind you of the frightful things that are happening almost everywhere today. One reads a book

like *Days of Our Years* or one follows the news reports in the daily press and one realizes that in certain of its aspects, the world of today is a veritable nightmare of unmitigated horror. One peruses a volume like *Grapes of Wrath* and one is brought face to face with the fact that in the name of law and order and in the struggle between profits and the right to earn one's daily bread, the most frightful things do occur even in our beloved America. China, Ethiopia, Spain, Czechoslovakia, Poland all tell their fiendish tale. And the end is not yet.

NINETEENTH CENTURY OPTIMISM

What is likely to happen in the days that are upon us, one dare not conjecture. But as one contemplates the coming years in the light of the past twenty-five, one does not wonder at the cynicism bordering upon despair concerning human nature which characterizes much of the thinking of today. And one is not surprised that vigorous minds like John Haynes Holmes raise the question as to whether man is worth dying for, or worthy of any of the sacrifices which have been made for his benefit and on his behalf. For this is no new thing that we are witnessing today. Unroll the long annals of time. Turn over the pages of history. Scan the records of the past. And the conclusion seems inescapable that the story of man when viewed in many of its aspects is anything but a noble tale. Every century is marked by man's betrayal of his humanity.

At the dawn of the present century we were rather optimistic concerning the future of man. During the nineteenth century the world had witnessed great strides not only in science and invention but in the decencies of life. So when the twentieth century arrived we fondly believed that we were on the threshold of a new and better era. Democracy was spreading and the right of all to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness was universally recognized. Education was spreading and the spirit of humanitarianism was following in its train. The common man was receiving an increasing measure of the good things of life and the lot of the laborer steadily improved. On every hand the signs were abundant that a social conscience was rising among men. The spirit of peace and internationalism was in the air. At long last it appeared that the Kingdom of God and the brotherhood of man were at hand.

MAN BOTH GLORY AND SHAME

But few are the circles in which this optimism exists today. For during these past twenty-five years everything that we had cherished and the hopes in which we so fondly believed have gone with the wind. Man has returned to his ancient iniquities and once more has shown his preference for the mire and the slime. He has sunk to new low levels and more than ever reveals the marks of a fiend. For he has taken his science and invention, the new knowledge by which he might have improved mind and spirit and have built a noble civilization, to destroy all that he has made, and instead of creating an age of light is rushing headlong into a period of darkness.

O Spirit of Man! How great was thy promise but how fearful is thy betrayal! Well might Pascal declare: "What a chimera then is man! What a novelty, what a monster, what a chaos, what a subject of contradiction, what a prodigy! A judge of all things, feeble worm of the earth, depository of truth, chaos of uncertainty and error, the glory and shame of the universe!"

I need hardly remind you that our modern despair concerning human nature is after all an ancient attitude. The Bible is full of it. It speaks of man as a child of God, but in unmistakable terms it also speaks of his depravity. In the book of Genesis it is reported that even God repented that he had created man, for it is said that he "saw that the wickedness of man was very great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." And this view of man indicated in Genesis is revealed on almost every page of the Scriptures. In fact, it might be said that the whole Bible is a record of the conflict of man with the evil within his heart and the story of his powerlessness to overcome it. For the Bible plainly teaches that unaided man cannot possibly conquer evil and that without the miraculous grace of God he is doomed to despair.

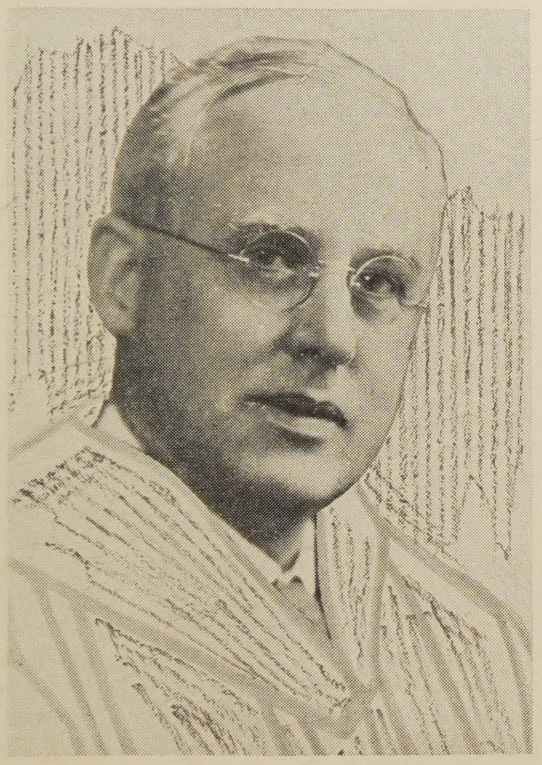
NO DESPAIR OF MAN

Religious liberalism however (the growth of the past one hundred years) has always repudiated this. It has declared that instead of being essentially evil, man is essentially good. Taking the historical view of human nature, it has asserted that man's evil was due to his spiritual immaturity, but that within him was a divine seed which some day through the processes of education and understanding would ripen to fulfillment, bringing forth a glorious harvest. But now, by and large, the Christian Church has deserted the liberal position and has returned to the ancient view. In fact Karl Barth, who perhaps more than any other thinker within the Christian Church represents the modern trend, founds his whole point of view upon the unapproachable holiness of God and the extreme sinfulness of man. And Professor Max Otto of the University of Wisconsin states the whole situation very clearly when he declares: "This conception of human nature as an active, wicked unalterable essence walks with us in the street, works with us in shop or office, kneels with us in worship. It is the major premise of orthodox social, political, educational and religious theory."

Far be it from me to claim that the evils of our day are less than they are or to underestimate by one iota the frightfulness and iniquity of the hour. Yet I will not despair of the spirit of man. Nor will I succumb in the least degree to that view of humanity which declares that by nature man is depraved. In fact, I repudiate it as a libel upon mankind. Indeed, I will go further. I repudiate what has hitherto been the religious view of man. I repudiate it as unhistorical and unscientific. I refute it as an untrue interpretation of the facts as revealed by the evolution of man himself and of society. The fact of the matter is that our so-called religious leaders in this hour of universal tragedy are swinging back to the mythical, unhistorical and prescientific view of man. And without hesitation I make the statement that until our organized religious forces leave this be-

hind they will have little constructive spiritual influence upon the life of mankind.

I have spoken again and again from this desk about faith in God, but I make bold to assert that faith in God which is founded upon despair of man is not faith but superstition, and, in the long run, an incubus upon the human spirit. I believe in God because I first of all believe in man. I believe in the Divine Image in the soul of man not because the Bible tells me that man was created in the likeness of God, but because of the marks of divinity I have seen year by year and behold day by day in the life of my fellows. In fact, if there is any revelation of divinity at all in the process of life it is



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discovered and made known only through the insights of the mind and heart of humanity. "Through Man to God" wrote John Fiske. And well he might, for ultimately there can be no true faith in God apart from belief in man, even as in the final outcome the one true, enduring and universal religion will be the Religion of Humanity.

It may be answered that faith in man—particularly in the light of modern events—is not justified. My answer is that when we get the total picture in the light of history, of anthropology, of man's animal ancestry and his social development, faith in human nature is not only the most rational of all faiths but will prove its own justification. We cannot begin to review the evidence, but we can call attention to some things which in our hours of despondency and gloom we so often forget.

Consider for example the obvious truth that measured against the background of geological time, human nature is very young. If we liken geological time to twenty-four hours, man is but a few minutes old. And using the same standard of measurement, man's recorded history is but a tick of the clock of time. When one compares the life of modern man with that of his primitive ancestor, one marvels at what man has achieved. Who could have prophesied literature, science or art? Who could have dreamed of law and order, of government or the institutions of civilization?

But even more significant is the development of the moral aspects of human nature out of the gregarious instinct and consciousness of kind. The hunger and thirst for righteousness, the vision of a humanity brought under the sway of moral law, the dream of a world which would be a kingdom of God or a brotherhood of all mankind. To me, my friends, when I consider man's lowly beginnings, the great mystery is not that at times man sinks to such depths of degradation as the centuries witness, but the heights to which so often he climbs.

We judge of an artist's work by the best he has produced, we measure the genius of an inventor by the finest of his creations, we estimate an age by the noblest of its works; shall we be less generous of human nature itself? At bottom we are not. Ultimately, we adopt the standard that the final test of life is character, and we need not despair of a humanity which in its short history has produced a Confucius or a Christ, a Socrates or a Lincoln, a Florence Nightingale or a Jane Addams, a Kagawa or a Grenfell and a host of faithful men and women of every generation and clime.

REASONS FOR OPTIMISM TODAY

Again, let me call attention to factors in the life of today which often are not quite so obvious. For the first time in the history of the race we are beginning to obtain a scientific understanding of human nature itself and we are gaining insights into the springs of action that we have never had before. For instance, we are beginning to appreciate the power of the great instinctive drives of life and how for good or ill they mold our destiny and make us what we are. But what is more important, we are beginning to understand that these natural hungers can be directed and controlled, that personality cannot only be made but remade, and that happiness need not be left to the chance of circumstances but may be produced as the result of an intelligently balanced life. In other words, we are learning that human nature is no fixed, static thing, but is plastic and dynamic, capable of infinite adaptability and modification in harmony with intelligent understanding and will.

During the past century, moreover, we have come to the realization of another important truth. We are beginning to appreciate that the evil which men do is not always the result of the sinfulness in their hearts. More often is it the consequence of the social situation in which they find themselves. The majority of individuals are fundamentally decent and kind and it is only in their collective life that men become worse than the beast and atrociously wicked. Thus man will do as a member of a group, gang, union, party or nation what he would scorn to do as a private individual. The facts are, most of the evils of our time arise out of the conflict between the moral nature of the individual and the immoral nature of collective society.

On the face of it this presents a seemingly hopeless situation. But let us not be blind to the truth that, however slow his progress may appear, step by step man is seeking to build that environment in which character can best unfold and that by educational processes he is changing his group morality. Moreover, let us ever remember that during the past fifty years man has made greater strides in this direction than in all previous centuries. And despite war and revolution, unemployment and social destitution, nationalism, fascism, totalitarianism and all those signs which seem to indicate human life is cheap, reverence for man as man is growing year by year.

Last but not least, as I gaze out upon this tragic era I am impressed above everything else with one tremendous fact; namely, the presence and growth of certain universal ideas even within the memory of many of us here. Nothing can stop the triumph of an idea when once its hour has come, and nothing can prevent its ultimate victory when once it has taken possession of the common mind. It may be thwarted, historical events may conspire against it, those in power may seek its overthrow, tyrants may seek to suppress it and for the moment succeed, but eventually it always comes into its own.

Who, for instance, can finally prevent the influence of the idea of the underlying unity of humanity? Racial pride, religious prejudice and national bigotry may for the moment hinder it and we may witness the temporary victory of philosophies of blood and soil. Yet surely it will triumph! For science sustains it; art, medicine, music and literature demonstrate it; ethics and religion proclaim its truth; and above all, it is slowly but surely taking possession of the common mind of man.

'EARTH SHALL BE FAIR'

Even in this hour of the horror of war it proclaims the vindication of universal peace. Even in this hour of division and separation and strife it speaks in clear tones concerning the vision of a universal cooperative life.

> Now, even now, once more from earth to sky,
> Peals forth in joy man's old undaunted cry—
> "Earth shall be fair, and all her people one!"

There is a rhythm in the ascent of man. Nonetheless, he does ascend. Again and again—as we have seen—he turns his back upon his loftiest visions and forsaking the Way of Life falls into the pit of his own betrayal. But let us never forget, always does he turn his face upward and once more begins to climb. Repeatedly, like the young man in the parable of the Prodigal Son, he wanders into the wilderness of unspeakable brutality and shame and squanders the substance of centuries of struggle and toil in riotous living. But the glory and wonder of his nature is this: when he comes to himself, always does he cry, "I will arise."

In this, I am persuaded, is the true interpretation of the paradox of history. When the shouting and the tumult of the present hour pass and when the captains and the kings have departed, once more mankind becoming aware of its own humanity will cry: "I will arise! I will arise and go unto my Father's house, which is the dwelling place of fraternity, justice and peace."

The Modern Missionary Motive

By George C. Fetter

IN the year 1908 it was my privilege to be sent as a student delegate to a great missionary convention in Northfield, Mass. At that convention there were present the picked youth of all the eastern colleges and universities. The motto printed in large letters above the platform read: "The Evangelization of the World in Our Generation." The speakers held before us the hope of bringing all non-Christians across the seas to a personal knowledge of Christ in our generation.

That was a day when students were more influenced and attracted by mass-meeting oratory than they are at present. John R. Mott and Robert E. Speer were in their prime. I can well remember hearing Dr. Speer conduct an impressive meeting on Round-Top mountain at the close of which some fifty or sixty students volunteered for service on the foreign field.

A GOLDEN AGE OF MISSIONS

That was also a period of missionary expansion in the life of the church. Every year churches increased their giving to world missions. Every year the attendance of students grew larger at missionary conventions. The white trader, the white settler, the white government official was going confidently and aggressively into all parts of the world. The church believed that if Western commerce was making the world into a neighborhood, it was the duty of the Christian religion to make it neighborly. The idealism of the Christian youth of my generation expressed itself in the mission movement. Every college had an active and aggressive student volunteer band. We were idealistic, romantic and overconfident. We believed that our Western civilization was 90 per cent Christian and only 10 per cent pagan.

Had a modern Amos stood up in that missionary convention and predicted that in less than a decade the so-called Christian nations would plunge the whole world into a World War that was the most brutal and destructive in all history and that shocked even the non-Christian nations; had he told us that the pagan forces which produced that war—greed, race hatred, human exploitation, selfish love of power, national arrogance and false dreams of empire—were present in the society just outside of the church and to some extent within the church itself; had he described for us all the human suffering and waste and degradation that was caused by the depression that followed the war, we would have thought him insane. As a group of young students we overrated the extent to which the Christian religion had leavened our Western civilization. We overrated the extent to which the ideals and the redemptive purpose of Jesus had gripped the life of the average church. We were blind to pagan forces at work right in our own country that were just as dangerous to the total welfare of humanity as the pagan forces in China, India or Africa.

We ought, in considering the missionary movement, first of all to pay high tribute to the heroism and the sacrificial spirit of those who went to the far frontiers of the Kingdom as ambassadors of the cross. Dr. Latourette says the past century witnessed "one of the greatest outbursts of missionary energy the world has ever seen." Never before had the disciples of any religion spread into so many parts of the world. There was no land so hot or cold, no leper colony so isolated but that some missionary set out to reach it.

The accomplishments of this movement were remarkable. They established schools and colleges many of which became the models after which government

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schools were patterned. They built hospitals and orphanages and taught backward peoples the art of modern medicine and newer methods of sanitation. They introduced scientific agriculture among primitive people and dreamed of lifting whole populations above the poverty line. At the height of the movement the Protestant church during a single year spent $60,000,000 and had 30,000 persons at work at missionary posts, and the Catholic Church spent about $30,000,000 and had an equal number of people at work. In round numbers the Catholic and Protestant churches had 60,000 persons at work whose missionary activity was supported by $90,000,000 a year which came from the missionary giving of the churches. They translated all or portions of the Bible into many languages and dialects. When we consider that oftentimes the missionary had to work under great handicaps and was compelled to practice strict economy, we ought first of all to pay him high tribute for his record of accomplishment.

One reason for the success of the missionary enterprise during the past century is explained by the fact that it was a period of white expansion. The white man was moving out from Europe and America into all parts of the known world.

There were two things the white man possessed which made him a man of power wherever he settled. The first of these was his attainments in education. He went with his trained mind among peoples the majority of whom were illiterate. The second of these was his mastery of material science. He had learned to harness electricity and transform it into heat or light or power. He had discovered how to release wells of oil, refine crude oil into gasoline and make it drive his airplane and his high power motorcar. He had learned to master steam and make it drive his great throbbing industries. He could build a steamboat that looked like a floating palace. Commercial ambition sent him into all parts of the world to find a market for his manufactured goods, to purchase raw material to feed the power-machine and to search for new luxuries to satisfy his increasing wants.

To the native the white man was a kind of wonder-worker. He had but to open his suitcase to dazzle the natives with its contents. The oriental was eager and curious to learn what was the secret of the westerner's power.

WESTERN WAYS IN THE SADDLE

It was during this period of white expansion that Great Britain established her colonies in Egypt, India and Africa; that the powers of Europe staked out their claim in Africa; that the Western nations considered the partitioning of China; and that the United States established herself in the Philippines and in the Hawaiian Islands.

During the period of white expansion the missionary followed the routes established by his government, determined to import to foreign lands the best that his country had to give, along with the evils that the commercial traveler sometimes took with him.

In this earlier day the Christian church too often sought not only to Christianize but also to westernize her converts. She did this, no doubt, more or less unconsciously. Somehow we thought that to make a man Christian we had to make him completely Western. We began introducing our Western ways and customs. When a Chinese became a convert he must give up his pajamas and wear American trousers. When we erected a church we set up a building of western design instead of permitting a Chinese architect to plan a building that would fit into Chinese surroundings.

When my former teacher, Dr. George Cross, returned from a visit in India he reported a visit to a girls' school where the young women were housed in a new modern and thoroughly Western dormitory. Such a dormitory would have been excellent if those girls were going to settle down and live the rest of their lives in the Western world. But most of those girls expected to marry and settle down in mud huts or bamboo houses in the East. For that reason he believed it would have been far better had the dormitories been of such nature as to prepare them to be

good homemakers in the kinds of houses in which they were destined ultimately to live. In that earlier day we all tended, to too great a degree, to treat Christianity and Western civilization as though they were synonymous.

WHEN THE WAR BROUGHT COLLAPSE

But the missionary today faces a very different world than did the missionary of twenty-five years ago. The World War disillusioned the oriental. In it he saw the so-called Christian nations using the technique and efficiency of modern science in collective murder and destruction. If this was the climax of two thousand years of Christian teaching either our religion was worthless or else it had never been seriously tried. The oriental now began to examine Western civilization with a big question mark. He began to separate Christ from Western civilization. The missionary discovered that one of the worst enemies of Christian work abroad was an unethical religion in the church back home.

The war was followed by a rise of the spirit of nationalism in nearly every country in the East. In many quarters the desire for self-determination and self-government resulted in an outbreak of hostility toward Christian missions. Doors that were formerly wide open now began to close. Turkey imposed restrictions on evangelism. China imposed certain limitations on mission schools. The young Indian nationalist complained against the attempt of the missionary to draw the native away from his ancient faith. Mexico shut her doors to the work of the mission schools. Russia turned her churches into museums of atheism.

All of this put an immense strain on the missionary. It made his work much more difficult. It compelled him to rethink and redefine his task. It taught us all as Christians that in our approach to other races and civilizations we must be more humble. We could no longer boast too loudly about the superiority of our Western civilization. Rather, we must get down on our knees on a common level with all peoples and races, confess our common sins and go in common quest of the universal Father.

NEW VIEWS OF MISSIONS

The modern missionary believes that missionary activity is a process of mutual giving and receiving. No longer does he look upon non-Christian religions as completely in error. He has read and studied the sacred books of the people among whom he works and discovered that God has left no people without some witness of himself. While among all people he finds ignorance and superstition, he also finds elements of good. He finds Confucius teaching the golden rule in negative form, and Motzu preaching love as the ideal way of life. He finds the Mohammedan teaching the laws of temperance. In all religions he finds some aspects of the truth. And the modern missionary is ready to welcome truth and reality from whatever source it comes. Missions are more and more becoming a process of mutual sharing.

The modern missionary looks upon Jesus Christ not as one who came to destroy but to fulfill whatever is good or of value in any religion or civilization. He believes that as gradually the people of different races take over the control of their own churches and develop an indigenous church, they will give back to us their interpretation of Christ which will greatly enrich our Western religion. The Christian oriental will often help to correct a one-sided emphasis of his Western brother. When the Chinese church has written its gospel of Christ and the Indian church has given us its interpretation of Christ, our religion will be all the richer because men of all races have added a new chapter to our greater Bible. Already Western Christianity owes a deep debt of gratitude to the writings and meditations of Kagawa.

I am not, however, one of those persons who believe that one religion is as good as another. I believe there is in religion and ethics, as there is in physics and chemistry, a body of objective truth. One man's explanation of the cause and cure of smallpox is not as good as another's. The belief that smallpox is caused by a demon and can be cured by running a red hot needle between a man's fourth and fifth rib is not as true to the tested facts as Pasteur's theory that smallpox is caused by bacteria and can be prevented by vaccination. I believe that Jesus revealed certain moral principles and faith attitudes that are universally valid. The fact that glimpses of Christian truth can be found in the teachings of other religions is all the more proof of their universal validity.

HUMBLING FACTS BROUGHT TO LIGHT

The modern missionary believes that the division between home and foreign missions is a purely artificial one. The World War greatly humbled the churches. It led us to see that there are pagan forces at home as well as abroad. The missionary problem in Chicago, New York and Minneapolis is in many respects as difficult as the missionary problem in Pekin and Bombay. On both sides of the sea the Christian church must prepare herself to grapple with the same evil forces that lead to the breakdown of God's law of community.

When we seek to persuade the Hindu to give up his caste system and to set free the untouchables, he is apt to reply that the problem of caste is a difficult and delicate one and that he will solve it as soon as Christian America opens her college dormitories to the untouchable Negro and ceases to lynch the Negro without a fair trial by jury. The problem of caste is not a matter of geography. It must be faced as a universal problem.

When we condemn the indentured labor system of the Japanese by which a Japanese girl is farmed out to work in a cotton mill at what seems to us a low wage, the Japanese is apt to reply that these girls are as well paid and cared for as the children of the sharecropper under the semi-feudal system in Arkansas. The problem of human exploitation must be faced not as a geographical but as a universal problem.

When we hold the Chinese up to scorn because his nation is so troubled by bandits, he is apt to reply that while he does produce some first-class rob-

bers, he has none who can equal the record of John Dillinger or Al Capone. The problem of crime will be solved only as good men everywhere join hands in search for its causes and its cure.

REVITALIZING THE HOME CHURCH

The Christian church both at home and abroad must work to bring every area of both our individual and common life under the control of Jesus' spirit of good will. Indeed the missionary as he returns and looks at his own country from the viewpoint of the oriental will often be most sensitive to those areas of our social life where Christ is being denied. Men like Stanley Jones will help to reawaken and revitalize the home church even as Paul enlarged the vision of the mother church at Jerusalem.

We must go on with the task of Christian missions because in this day of world crisis when civilizations are threatened with disintegration the world needs a creative fellowship that is international in its outreach and purpose. The church is an institution that has its roots in all nations and on every continent. Christianity is at once a revelation of and a quest for a body of common ideals and a common faith that will hold the world together. In an age that is threatened with destruction by the sudden rise of an exclusive and arrogant nationalism, the world needs the universal church as never before.

We need an institution that will reinterpret patriotism in Christian terms. We need an institution whose interest is not in the welfare of one race or people at the expense of all other people, but whose interest is in the total welfare of all mankind with no minority race or class excluded. We need an institution that insists that justice and brotherhood must not stop at the artificial boundaries set up by any one particular country. We need an institution that thinks of the raw materials of the world—the vast beds of coal and iron and oil—not as the exclusive possession of one class or race but as God's gift to supply the need of all his children. We need an institution that defines patriotism not in terms of an exclusive nationalism but in terms of an inclusive world fellowship. We need an institution that insists that the voice of rulers and the laws of the state must be held subject to a higher court—the court of God's universal justice. We need an institution that will bring moral resistance against the state when it places its own dreams of empire above the welfare of all mankind.

A NEW URGE TO BROTHERHOOD

Underneath all the trade barriers that men have set up one against another, underneath the sudden rise of an exclusive nationalism in so many parts of the world, underneath the fear in the hearts of the people lest they be plunged into another destructive world war, there is deep in the hearts of men an urge toward universal brotherhood, a longing for a deeper world fellowship, an aspiration toward a cooperative world society. The church must be the spokesman and the interpreter of that deep cry that comes welling up out of the depths of man's moral nature.

In his book, *Christianity and Our World,* John Bennett writes: "The church is the only organism within a nation which by its very nature must be loyal to a God beyond the state, to a humanity beyond the nation, to the Kingdom of God beyond any actual social order. If Christianity is true in its ideal and in its religious faith, it is true for all the world. If it is to be a power that can unify the life of men on a deeper level than all conflicts, it must not be limited to Europe or America." In a day of confusion, of conflict and of growing fears the Christian church must be the leaven "that holds the world together."

The Understanding Heart

By Walter Dudley Cavert

I sat where they sat. Ezekiel 3:15.

WILL DURANT says of Herbert Spencer that he could sweep the entire universe for proofs of his hypothesis but could not see with any insight another's point of view. How true that is of the great majority of men! We can produce endless arguments to support our own ideas but we find it difficult to understand those who do not agree with us. It is hard for us to be just in our judgments and fair in our criticisms. We have not sufficiently cultivated the ability to put ourselves in the places of other people and to share their experiences with discerning sympathy. If we would be helpful to our friends, honest with our enemies, and effective workers for the building of a better world, we must have understanding hearts. We must acquire what Halford Luccock calls "the art of dramatizing the situation of another person, of slipping the key of a sympathetic imagination into the closed door of his life and entering into his problems and perplexities."

Long ago there was an Old Testament prophet who developed that art. Ezekiel began his ministry to the Jewish captives in Babylon by going down to the river Chebar where his fellow Israelites were huddled together with downcast spirits and heavy hearts. For seven days he sat where they sat. He identified himself with their misery. He learned their point of view. He shared their inner emotions. He wanted to give them comfort in their sorrow, courage for their hardships, and hope for the future, but he knew that he could do so only as he entered into a full comprehension of their attitudes and outlook. Little wonder that the people listened when he finally spoke, and that he became the kind of leader whom they were willing to follow!

All of us have an instinctive longing to be understood. We have a natural feeling of resentment against those who place a false interpretation upon our motives and conduct. When we find that we are completely understood by another person, we are ready to admit him to the inner circle of our friendships and seek to grapple him to our hearts with hooks of steel. Since we cherish such a strong desire to have our lives correctly appraised

by others, it follows that one of our deepest obligations to society is to enlarge our sympathies and deepen our insight.

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Everyone knows what a delicate task it is to be a source of comfort to those who have suddenly been plunged into inexplicable sorrow or overwhelmed by calamity that seems entirely undeserved and incompatible with the goodness and justice of God. All too often those who try to help such people add to their pain and irritate a wound that is already raw and bleeding. Well might Richard Baxter say in his grief over his wife's death, "I will not be judged by anyone that never felt the like." Perhaps you have been through a similar experience. Someone tried to argue with you and to explain that your trouble was not so bad as it appeared; another sought to divert your thoughts by making light and irrelevant remarks; still another told you that time was a great healer and that after a few months you would forget your grief. Then a friend came and sat down beside you and quietly grasped your hand as he said, "I know how you feel for I have been through the same trouble." You listened to him eagerly as he told you how he found a sense of God's love becoming clearer in his own sorrow. He provided balm for your wounded heart because of his understanding. He was able to comfort your soul by the comfort wherewith he himself had been comforted by God.

We need to cultivate a finer sensitiveness toward the needs of our friends. We ought also to make a greater effort to put ourselves in the places of those who differ from us. How often we think others are selfish and stingy and recreant to the call of duty! Frequently the harsh judgment is unjustified and springs from an ignorance of pertinent facts. John Wesley became greatly exasperated because one of his converts did not give more generously to Christian philanthropies. One day the man explained to him that he was living on a few pennies worth of parsnips each week that he might save his money and make restitution to those whom he had defrauded before he became a Christian. Wesley bowed his head in shame and begged the man's forgiveness, having learned a lesson that made him more charitable in his future judgments.

When we make a deliberate effort to understand those who disagree with us, we usually find that they have approached the issue from a different point of view and are as sincere and conscientious in their convictions as are we.

"Three-fourths of the miseries and misunderstandings of the universe will disappear," says Gandhi, "if only we step into the shoes of our adversaries and understand their viewpoint."

II

Not only do we need a better spirit of understanding in individual relationships. The same principle must be applied to our pressing social problems or we can never hope for any adequate solutions. Misunderstanding is a chief barrier to a happy adjustment of the major problems that perplex our civilization. Half of the world does not know how the other half lives. It knows even less about how the other half feels and what it thinks. It has no conception of their mental processes or emotional attitudes. Those of us who are secure in our positions fail to visualize what it means to be unemployed. We do not know how it feels to be the innocent victims of race prejudice. We fail to comprehend the bitterness of spirit easily developed among people in the "have not" nations like Germany, Italy and Japan which lack the resources necessary to the maintenance of decent standards of living. We ignore the fact that it is international injustice which causes desperate people to turn to fascism and communism, and allows militarism to get a stranglehold on the national life.

Walter Dudley Cavert

It is a strange paradox that science has forced the people of the world into a physical proximity but has not increased their spiritual sympathy. Telephones and radios, trains and ships, automobiles and airplanes have multiplied our contacts with each other and at the same time have divided us by unbridged chasms of greed and envy. The corporate ownership of factories has brought thousands of working people together under the same roof and yet has shut them off from personal relationships with those who govern industrial policies. The radio has made it possible for the same programs to be heard throughout the world, but it has also become the chief instrument of chauvinistic leaders in arousing the prejudices of their followers. The world has been condensed into a community but it is a community torn by hate and jealousy. The nations have become neighbors to one another but they have not yet learned to be neighborly.

Wherever in past history one sees any decided advance in human welfare, he will find leaders who have studied the conditions under which others were forced to live

and have sought to understand the feelings of the exploited and oppressed. Those who are working for social progress may not share the economic and political philosophy of Eugene Debs but they must not neglect the self-identification with others which enabled him to say: "While there is a lower class, I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while there is a soul in prison, I am not free."

The one who seeks to make any vital contribution to the triumph of Christian ideals must be like the apostle Paul in feeling so intensely the sorrows of others that he cannot see a man or woman wronged without putting himself in the other's place and smarting under the same injury. "Who is weak and I am not weak?" cried out Paul. "Who is offended and I burn not?" The wounds of the world are too deep to be healed by any quack remedies. Greed and hate can be conquered only by a spirit of understanding love which costs something to those who manifest it. Jesus wrote into the constitution of the Kingdom of God the basic requirement that no one can become a citizen until he has learned to put himself in the position of his needy brother. Only so can he fulfill the golden rule which insists that one must act toward others as he would have others act toward him.

Not until Wilberforce took the iniquity of the slave trade upon himself did the British traffic in human flesh begin to be a thing of the past. The shackles of bondage began to fall when he arose to say in Parliament: "I mean not to accuse any one, but to take the shame upon myself in common with the whole of Great Britain for having this horrid trade carried on under our authority. We are all guilty." Likewise the day of freedom began to dawn for the American slaves when Abraham Lincoln felt so keenly the degradation of a Negro girl exposed for sale before a vulgar public that he exclaimed to himself, "If ever I have a chance to hit that thing, I will hit it hard." Not until John Howard and Elizabeth Fry identified themselves with the wretched inmates of the British prisons and heard their cries haunting them in the night, was the conscience of England aroused to the brutal condition of its jails. And not until Thomas Mott Osborne took upon himself the stripes of the convict and spent a week behind prison bars did harsh methods of penology in America give way to more enlightened treatment.

The list of those whose understanding hearts have been the keys which unlocked the doors of social progress might be greatly extended. Time would fail me to tell of Vincent de Paul changing places with the French galley slave, St. Francis making himself the brother of all mankind, Father Damien sharing the leprosy of the outcasts of Molokai, General Booth establishing the Salvation Army to save the bodies and souls of London's neglected poor, Gandhi bearing the shame of the Hindu untouchables, Kagawa renouncing his wealth and political prospects for a life in the slums of Japan, Sweitzer atoning for the white man's injustice to the black man by establishing his hospital in the heart of Africa, and many others in high and low positions whose sensitive souls have been stung into action by their knowledge of human need.

Such persons, by taking upon themselves the sufferings of others, arouse the lethargic public and by slow and painful steps lead humanity forward to a new day of justice and brotherhood. The hope of the human race lies in the fact that the ability to understand which has manifested itself so conspicuously in the lives of great-hearted leaders is latent in the souls of the multitude. To say that human nature is too selfish to be changed is to take too low a view of mankind. The altruistic and sympathetic impulses have often been stifled by our acquisitive society but give them the kind of climate which stimulates their growth and they will begin to blossom and bear fruit. Let a disaster occur such as that occasioned by the floods in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and it stirs the imagination of people living in far away safety. Millions of dollars spontaneously flow into the treasury of the Red Cross. Thousands of people volunteer for personal service and count themselves favored if among those to be sent to the area of need. The majority of men often seem entirely indifferent to the needs of others, yet the generous sympathy revealed by great disasters rises up to smite us for our lack of faith in what the masses of men can be stirred to do.

> God! What a world, if men in street and mart
> Felt the same kinship of the human heart
> Which makes them, in times of fire and flood,
> Rise to the meaning of true brotherhood!

One of the great concerns of the Christian church should be to discover the means by which human need can be dramatized until people will begin to have a real concern for whatever affects the welfare of their fellow men. It has been a glaring defect in our educational systems, both secular and religious, that we have not given more attention to the development of the social imagination and of the impulses which set men to work in a spirit of friendly good will. Here and there are churches which have sponsored movements for developing a better understanding of underprivileged groups and of other races and nations, but efforts in this field have been feeble and haphazard. They need to be organized along more comprehensive lines and intensified a million fold.

III

Jesus' amazing hold on the heartstrings of the human race was through his unique ability to put himself in the place of others. The reason he waited so long before starting upon his public ministry may well have been, not simply that his mother and the younger children were dependent upon him, but because he wanted to be sure that he knew the life of workaday people. He toiled in the carpenter shop, mingled in the village life, shared the joys and sorrows of his fellows, and faced the same temptations. When at last he went out to lead a movement for the building of the Kingdom of God, he had sat where others had sat, not merely for a few days or weeks, but for thirty years.

So his personal experience enabled him to know what was in man. His sympathy gave him an unparalleled insight into human personality. He was completely at home in every group. Whether mingling with Jews or Gentiles, rich or poor, women or children, he never seemed to feel out of place. When he met Zaccheus he

sensed what it meant to be a despised tax-gatherer and by becoming his guest transformed him into an honest man. When the sinful woman was brought to him, he at once realized how in her innermost nature she revolted from her life of shame, and uttered words of forgiveness which cleansed her soul of its guilty past. When people were hungry in a desert place and the disciples suggested sending them away, Jesus insisted on the necessity of providing them with food. The Master identified himself so completely with the needs of all mankind that he said he would be eternally present wherever people were hungry or thirsty, naked or homeless, sick or imprisoned.

It is not surprising that people of all races and classes have come to think of Jesus as belonging to them. The artists of the world have pictured him as a member of their own race or nation. Italians have made him Italian; Germans have made him German; yellow and black people have painted him as a man of their own color. The Orient claims him as one of its best known sons while Anglo-Saxons think of him as belonging to the Occident. Bruce Barton describes him as a business man. Eugene Debs calls him the "martyred Christ of the working class," and Sarah Cleghorn closes her poem by crying out, "Comrade Jesus has his red card!"

What is even more significant is that millions of people throughout the world have been unable to separate their thought of Jesus from their conception of God. They see the understanding heart of the Master as a revelation of the compassionate nature of the Heavenly Father. They cannot escape the conviction that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. If the heart of the universe is sympathetic and sacrificial love, then society can be established according to the divine ideal only when it has been leavened by a sufficient number of people whose lives are dominated by a Christlike spirit.

In Charles Rann Kennedy's play, "The Terrible Meek," one of the Roman soldiers for whom Jesus has prayed for forgiveness, looks up at the strange man on the cross and exclaims reverently, "The future is his." The intervening nineteen centuries have served to confirm the soldier's prophecy. The creative forces of history have not been set in motion by the militarists, the nationalists, the hate makers and the defenders of privilege, but by the servants of the cross. The hope of the future is in the way of Jesus—the way of the understanding heart.

Back to Ideals

THIS is a century of amazing progress. Yet this busy world sets us a pace where we have not time for Christian worship. We forget that religious sincerity is the most gracious of all gifts and that religion is not an observance of creed but is communion with God.

Remember the true religion of the old Christians; their loyalty to the church and their constant reading of the Bible. Isn't it true that we must call our nations and churches back to their old ideals? If we did, I can assure you that this would be a better world to live in.

M. E. AUBREY.

The Third Mile

BY PAUL SCHERER

Let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. Galatians 6:9.

JESUS once pictured at a single stroke the spontaneity and abandon of the true Christian spirit: "If any man compel thee to go a mile," he said—and I can fairly see him throw his arms wide—"If any man compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." It is not easy for us to reconstruct the circumstances which rendered that gesture so absurdly generous, so unbelievably prodigal. America is a free country, and for better or for worse, compulsion has pretty well dropped out of our vocabulary. It was a stalwart word in Palestine, with the drive of a mailed fist behind it. It might meet you on your way downtown tomorrow in the form of a Roman soldier, and jerking you by the arm say, "See here, you gutter-rat, what's your hurry? Give me a hand with this knapsack of mine!" And you would not answer "I beg your pardon, but that would make me late at the office," or "Excuse me, but I am trying to get to the matinee before the curtain rises." Not if Rome knew herself! You would chuck your business and your theater and get under. Simon of Cyrene had to do it when they were driving a Man with a cross toward Calvary. It was a pleasant way the tyrant had from over the seas—galling, humiliating—the curse of God on her! And Jesus said "If any man compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain!" And he said it to one of the proudest races that ever spat from an alleyway at the tread of the conquering legions! There is something thrilling about the spirit that can lift its face out of a situation like that, and with a smile double its obedience. "Go with him twain." It is what we have come to think of and idealize as "the romance of the second mile."

AFTER THE SECOND MILE—WHAT?

But did you ever give any thought to the third mile, after the good impulse has very largely run off in sweat? When instead of your first flush of enthusiasm you are hot and out of breath, when in exchange for your generosity you have got tired legs and a pain in your back—what then?

I am taking it for granted that that experience is not wholly foreign to any of us—that or something like it. There is a glamor about all life and work and love when they swing up to their beginning and the zest of their youth is on them. It is a dull soul indeed that has never looked anywhere with luster in its eyes, and I think a duller still that has never looked so at Christ. There was a day, I am sure of it, when these swift words of his began to pursue us, began to haunt us out of all our drab, uninteresting little hiding-places, never in this world to leave us alone again; a day when without knowing whether they were true or not we struck out through the dark, with nothing but their clean radiance before us; a day when we threw up our heads, with our nostrils wide, scenting the battle, and our shoulders back, for a brave fling at something

Galilean. That was easy, and there was a kind of singing in our hearts. We were made for this, this music and this marching! And then gradually the fine, upward sweep of it seemed to level out. There was very little thrill about it now. The music fell into slower rhythm and minor keys. There were fewer bursts of poetry. The years turned prosaic and pedestrian, and there was only dust on them, the dust of that endless procession of common days.

I wonder if the scenery along here is familiar to you. It is the place where we entered the third mile. Yes, we are concerned with this—and so, I think, was Paul, if one may judge by what he wrote from his prison:

PAUL SCHERER

"Let us not be weary in well-doing." It is a road warning for the man who has been a Christian about something until he is well sick of it. He has turned the other cheek, he has thrown in his coat when they sued him for his shirt, he has loved his enemies and blessed the people that cursed him. And the shine has worn off. And the trimmings fail to glitter as they used to. And "O Lord, how long?" becomes his favorite psalm. He did not calculate that the thing would keep up forever! Two miles—that was an adventure. It was splendid. But three? "Listen!"—and he takes you by the lapel of your coat—"I signed up for an experiment; I did not sign up for a habit." "But that is just what you have done," says Jesus, and strides on ahead of all our weary sevenfold forgiveness with his joyous "seventy times seven." That second mile of ours was only a starter—three, four, five. It is all very well to climb mountains with your pulses tingling; how about the prairie, plodding on and on—six, seven, eight? Grim going now, isn't it? You clench your teeth—nine, ten, eleven! God! Where is the romance of that?

The thing I am talking about seems to be peculiarly the peril of middle age, and of work begun so many years ago with freshness and every manner of high and untried hope. Ideals are such fragile things; the bloom of them as delicate as a fragrance. And things are so intrusive—school and office and home, like plodding steps—three, four, five; meeting and worship and prayer—six, seven, eight. God pity us! The weight of it, now that we have grown accustomed to life and one another—with the winter ahead!

We must simply make up our minds whether we are going to fall victims to that mood or not. Sooner or later it overtakes everybody; but nobody has to lie down under it. The romance of the second mile has a way of giving place to the peril of the third. But you and I do not have to yield to its humor. We whose loads are heavier than we thought they would be, and the years long, and those places rubbed sore with the harness, and no light yet, until sometimes we wonder where the mercy of God has gone. There is such a thing as holding on. This much we know at any rate, that victories are fashioned in that third mile, not in the second. Sir Walter Scott tells us how true it was even of Napoleon, with whom perhaps very few have associated the "courage of routine." His was no vivid or startling bravery, only a great willingness to go through with it, and on, and on—where "the lone and level sands stretch far away." That place where the color fades and the light goes out—you think it is a barren desert; but it is the still womb of all the future, out of which shall come struggling into life every labored high fulfillment you are destined to lay your hands on. It is in the dust of that same endless succession of common days that triumphs are born.

NO MEDALS FOR GRIMNESS

There is a book called *The Worst Journey in the World* written of that brave martyr to the quest for the South Pole whose name too was Scott. In it is set down the story of Gerard, the youngest of the party, on the endless trek homeward across the unbroken ice. They were relying on him, the rest of them—one more lost or crippled, and they would all leave their bodies there. And Gerard's feet were frozen. On and on the rhythm of his steps seemed to beat their message into his brain—"You have got it in the neck—you have got it in the neck—you have got it in the neck"—with the crunching of the snow; when deep from the vast silence of the white southern waste a whisper grew like an answer in his soul. "You have got it in the neck—you have got it in the neck"—"Stick it! Stick it!"—"You have got it in the neck"—"Stick it! Stick it! Stick it!" And they came through.

Grimness like that will always wear its medals somewhere, and have its flags, and hear the shouting; but it is not the gospel. And I am not content with it. It is not enough in itself to

> Give back the upward looking and the light,
> Rebuild . . . the music and the dream.

And that is what I covet for you—not a sort of resignation, with its mind made up to "stick it," dull-eyed and dogged. That is not what Paul means at all.

Please get the full force of what he says. "Let us not be weary in well-doing." It is more than a matter of keeping on, splendid as keeping on may be. It is freshness and zest again, the tides of life flowing once more at the full; not weary, no fag now. And I want you to remember what Paul has come through, with that smile on his lips, and his eager gesture, and the large, running hand with which he writes. His whole life has been twisted away from its original purpose. Launching out on his new course at thirty-five, for twenty years he has labored in the face of disappointment and persecution. Every step contested by Jews and Gentiles without and Jewish-minded Christians within, he has pushed out the boundaries of this Kingdom, almost singlehanded and alone—Galatia, Asia Minor, Macedonia, Greece. And now word has come that the Galatians have fallen away into Judaism. Twenty years, and it looked as though all he had done might fall apart! And he is still marching, with his head up, ready to sing doxologies at every turn the road takes. "Not weary"—not even weary!—only "the music and the dream!"

JESUS REAL TO PAUL

If you ask what it is that is holding him so, I think he will tell you. It is love—and there is a far-away look in his eyes—his love for a Man who lived so cleanly, spoke so gently, died so gladly—and that Man's love for him. You see, Jesus was an hourly reality to Paul, not someone he had heard about, but someone he knew, whose heart was very tender, whose hold was strong as God's. Every morning a voice, "Follow me," and every evening a whisper, "Well done, friend; be of good cheer!" And you with your troubled hearts and slow feet talk of weariness. With Christ here! You cannot even manage to be refreshed by him? A love willing to be crucified, with forgiveness on its lips, holding out its arms—and you will not even rest in it? No song, no shout, no tears dashed away? God's love so futile as that? Galilean, with your yearning, your hands and your side, we are tired now, and all out of sorts. We have listened to your promises, and they do not stir us any more. There have been times when we have heard your footsteps with us, but we choose to be listless today and alone. Leave us, and let life have its way with us. That is our answer—we are spent. Our answer to everything, from Bethlehem to Gethsemane—we are spent. And this man marching—five years, ten years, fifteen, twenty!

And in his heart a sense of the harvest—not his harvest, but God's! "Let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." It could not be otherwise: the word of this Christ was pledged to it. Let it be slow; if God could wait, he could. Let them hound him down, and tear a year's work to pieces before his eyes; there was One whose will was good, and no man could say it nay. On and on, to Corinth—"In all these things we are more than conquerors"—and Jerusalem, and Rome. And there his triumphant soul sweeps out through his letters like an anthem: "I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye may comprehend the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge, who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think—in every prayer of mine making request with joy. My God shall supply your need, who stood by me and strengthened me, and will preserve me unto his heavenly Kingdom: to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen."

BURNISH OLD HOPES!

Sit there now and think of his harvest, this fool for Christ's sake, this dreamer of dreams that God outstripped. And you weary? You and I talking of our faith, and losing step the moment it is really tried—rarely patient except when life goes smoothly, fallen to wondering if God is in his heaven because life has turned rough! And this man marching—"Let us not be weary; we shall reap!"—marching with the love of Christ upon him toward all that God intended! Visionary, is it? Well, I sat with a woman four weeks ago as she came upon that will of Christ for her life, and I saw her stand up, and turn her face again to an old task, with the freshness of the dawn about her. Not weary, no fag now! And I remember another whom some of you knew, and the battle they fought for his life. Finally as he lay in the hospital at the end of the years, half his face destroyed by the slow disease no knife could stay, with a cast made to fit and give him some human semblance, a friend came in and at the sight burst into tears. "Oh no, don't do that!" came gallantly through the bandages. "My sword is still in my hand." Not weary—we shall reap!

My friends, shall we get out our old hopes this morning and burnish them again? The victory we aimed at, the thing we meant to build, the home we planned to have, the peace we one day swore so highly to help bring, the blessing we purposed to be—shall we get them all out and burnish them, or leave them lying there godless in this world of God?

The Bible Our Great Hope

WHAT happened when the Bible had been put into the churches, and when everybody, young and old, could read it, while others listened to it being read? Why, "England became the people of a Book, and that Book the Bible." So said John Richard Green in his *History of the English People.* It was read at church, and it was read at home. The effect of the Bible in the lives of the people was simply amazing. The whole temper of the nation was changed. A great historian, Professor Trevelyan, happily still living, has said: "The effect of the continual study of the Book on the national character, imagination and intelligence of the people for nearly three centuries was greater than that of any literary movement in our annals."

Now this fact must be noted: that the Bible was put into the churches not so much that the parsons might be able to preach it, but that the people might be able to read it for themselves. We hail these people who came to church; perhaps they stood waiting for their turn to read; they came to read the Bible as the Word of God. We know that the Bible speaks to people in-

dividually. That is how the spirit of God works. He touches the hearts of people individually, so that they may show forth in their lives that they are witnesses to the power of God. . . .

I heard a story a little while ago about a great violinist; he is, perhaps, the greatest player of that beautiful instrument who is living today. I will call him "the master." He is very fond of a practical joke; and he was once staying in a small town where there was a little shop, over the doorway of which were written these words: "Violins bought and sold." So he thought he would take his wonderful instrument which he played so beautifully, and see what the man in the little shop would say his violin was worth. The man turned it over and over; he looked at the lettering on it; he fingered it and stroked it; and then he said, "But this is the master's violin. How did you get it?" And the master saw that he was caught. "Well," he said, "I will tell you the truth; I am the master." "How do I know you are the master?" asked the man. Then he went to the back of his shop and he drew out a gramophone record of the master, playing a sonata of one of the great composers. "Now," he said, "you play on your violin this sonata; and when you have played it we will hear how the master plays it." And the master played the sonata, and the record played over again the same piece of music. And the man who kept the shop listened, and then he said, "Now I know you are the master, for no one else could have played that sonata like that."

Now supposing someone asks you one day whether you are a Christian, it will not be any good saying that you are a Christian because you belong to a church. If you would prove that you are a Christian, your life must be like a piece of music that is in tune with the record of the Word of God. Then people will know that you belong to Christ. . . . It is the influence of the Bible upon the characters of our forefathers, and, we hope, on our characters also in this generation, that has made our country great. We hope and pray that that true greatness may be preserved; but it will only be preserved and strengthened if this generation can maintain and develop the habit of reading the Bible as the Word of God that is powerful unto salvation, and that can make our lives perfect, even as God himself is perfect.

Sir Thomas Inskip in *Christian World Pulpit.*

Whatever is necessary for your improvement, your enjoyment, your usefulness, is close to you. Distance lends enchantment to the view, but when a man is wise he knows he is standing on enchanted ground. A man's star is never in the sky. It is in his brain. Your ship of gold is not on the high seas; it is at the quay waiting to be unloaded and discharged. Your fortune is not at the bottom of a rainbow; it is at your feet.—W. L. Wilkinson.

The church is, by any reckoning, the most amazing institution in history. It is, moreover, the one institution in the world today which can break down those barriers of race, nationality, and social caste which are so fatal to the happiness and peace of mankind. It has the one gospel of hope in this age of pessimism and despair; for does it not proclaim the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the sacredness of human life in this world, and the sure promise of life in the world to come?

Glasgow News.

A Pastoral Prayer

By Edward Scribner Ames

O GOD, whose years fail not, we the children of passing days lift our hearts to Thee in wonder and love. Many of us have met together here in a blessed fellowship through a great part of our lives. We have found companionship in joy and sorrow. Divine love has been about us through the sympathy of our human hearts, and our minds have aspired in song and prayer and meditation to find the meaning and the fullness of life lived at its best. Bonds of light and love have upheld us and strengthened us against the strain and tumult of ordinary days. Our children have grown up around us and many dear ones have passed from this life. The company of those who make the real church of which we are a part today includes the spirits of all who have shared our hopes and labors. The invisible dead yet live among us through their deeds and through the heritage of word and example they have left us. They rejoiced in anticipation, as we now rejoice in realization and in still greater aspiration.

May our souls be responsive to the realities and to the mysteries of this ongoing life in the church. This life comes from afar, down through ages of faith and struggle; it gathers force as the cloud of witnesses increases. Thou hast sent prophets, apostles, martyrs, heroes and humble saints, whose influence makes light to shine in earthly darkness, and enlarges the kingdom of heaven within us. Forgive us any unworthiness of these treasures of love and devotion. Help us to cultivate with intelligence and use the good gifts we have received, and may we offer them with some increment of understanding sacrifice and fidelity for those who come after us.

Deepen the sense of fellowship with all, of every name and faith, who seek to build a society of peace and good will upon this earth. May our minds be enlightened by wisdom, our hands guided by skill, and our spirits enriched by love. May the gates of new opportunity open before us as we face the days and the years of the future with their unmeasured possibilities for evil and for good. All this we ask in the name of the Good Master of Life. Amen.

The Pastoral Prayer

By John Wright Buckham

IN the increased attention that is being given to worship, accompanying the enlarging sense of the nature and mission of the church, there is a deepening realization of the place of the pastoral prayer as the central and supreme act in common worship, corresponding in Protestant worship to the elevation of the host in the mass. This goes with the recognition that the altar, or communion table, not the pulpit, the cross not the preacher, should be the central object in the chancel.

• *Prayer Is Central*

Emphasis upon the pastoral prayer dethrones the sermon; and it is well that it should do so. For the long prevalent centralization of the sermon has not been in full keeping with Christian worship, either historically or ideally. It places overemphasis upon the intellectual, instructional and hortatory in worship. Granted that the office of the sermon has been too little honored in Catholic worship and that Protestantism, especially in the Reformed churches, gave it its true place; nevertheless the prominence assigned to the sermon, especially in the American churches, has tended to depreciate the place of both prayer and praise in worship.

The centralizing of prayer in worship elevates the priestly office of the minister. For here the vicarious character of his service manifests itself, as he seeks to give expression to the deeper needs and aspirations of his people. In thus putting himself in their place the minister must seek to realize the actual conditions from which the members of the congregation come, their distractions, temptations, problems, fears, frustrations, burdens and sorrows, and also their joys and hopes and aspirations—all the experiences which give to the human heart its spiritual struggles and victories. In this vicarious service the minister is indeed the true *priest,* bearing the sins and sorrows of his people and voicing their nobler purposes and resolutions, lifting them up to God and mediating God to them.

• *The Sermon Should Be Worshipful*

Nor does this centralization of prayer really lower the prophetic office of the minister or depreciate the sermon although it dethrones it. For the sermon gains its peculiar impressiveness, as a form of address, from its relation to worship. It ought always to carry the spirit and atmosphere of worship. This raises it above the trivial and commonplace, and merely entertaining, and gives it dignity and sacredness. It also saves it from becoming dry and dogmatic. When the minister ascends the pulpit, or rises "in it," to preach the sermon, all that has gone before should inspire him to charge himself (in the words of Watts' stirring hymn):

"Begin my soul some heavenly theme
And speak some boundless thing."

How many sermons would shrivel before this test, even in intention!

John Wright Buckham

"Heavenly themes" and "boundless things" may issue in very practical applications but never in scolding, or innuendo, or triviality. Unless the sermon partakes of the spirit of worship, it is no true sermon.

The elevation of the pastoral prayer to the central place in common worship (how much more appropriate the phrase "common worship" is than "public worship") does not necessarily mean that it should emulate the duration of "the long prayer" in Puritan worship, but only that it have the dignity, the sense of sacredness and the unity of content which characterized the defamed and defunct "long prayer."

• *Content of the Pastoral Prayer*

The normal content of the pastoral prayer may be summarized as follows: *ascription,* in order to induce the right attitude (this may be secured by commencing the prayer with communal silence); *confession, petition* and *communion.* These acts of devotion, even if they have already occurred in the worship, and will recur, take on a special meaning and expression in the pastoral prayer in which the approach to God is closest and most filial.

The place and manner in which *confession* should enter the worship is a matter for careful attention. The Order of Morning Worship of the Book of Common Prayer is built upon the principle that the natural approach of the communal Christian mind to God in worship is that of *confession,* passing thence (after absolution) to *praise (sursum corda),* spontaneously issuing from the forgiven and absolved heart. The order rests upon a deep-seated psychological sequence. Yet it is not necessarily invariable. Praise may come before confession since, upon entering the sanctuary, the thought of the divine goodness moves the soul to gratitude. (Indeed the *introit* in the liturgical churches is the initial expression of praise.) In non-liturgical worship confession customarily does not come until the pastoral prayer, and not always even then. Its omission leaves the worship bereft of one of its most essential features.

• *The Element of Petition*

Next in order, after confession, constituting the main body of the prayer, comes *petition.* For whom? Primarily for the congregation, those present and participating.

Here the minister is indeed the priest, the representative and spokesman of the congregation. As such—whether he uses accepted forms or his own language (which in any case should be prepared in advance)—he needs to exercise the utmost of discernment, as well as of understanding and sympathy, of which he is capable, lest he be too specific and definite on the one hand or, on the other hand, too general and indefinite and thus fail in his mediatorial office.

Petition, when it is directed toward spiritual ends, naturally passes into *communion,* through which the worshipers enter into the grace of spiritual fellowship and are united with the Divine Spirit and with one another. Then descends that intimate sense of the Divine Presence which is the culmination and apotheosis of worship, individual and communal.

Yet this transubstantiation of prayer into communion rather accompanies than follows petition. The petitions of the pastoral prayer, being the prayer of the church through its pastor, naturally relate first to its own members and homes and to its own needs as a company of Christian workers, and especially to its children and youth. Since not all the membership is present, those who are not should frequently be remembered (but not rebuked), especially those who are "any ways afflicted or distressed in mind, body or estate" that they may be given "patience under their sufferings and a happy issue out of all afflictions." (How fitting is this ancient and truly tender prayer! Yet it needs variation, lest it lose its freshness.)

• *The Wide Outreach Of Prayer*

And now this communal prayer, essaying the full breadth and scope of its outreach, takes wider wings and goes out beyond the church itself and becomes *intercessory,* in the spirit of Christ, for the community and (at times at least) the nation and the world. Its objective becomes, in a word, the *Kingdom,* its heralds in all lands, and thus *humanity* itself, "all sorts and conditions of men"; for true communal Christian prayer is universal in the scope of its faith and hope and love.

In the exercise of this wider intercessory outreach there is reason to fear that the customary pastoral prayer of today has lost something of its earlier wide-winged catholicity and has become too much confined to the vital but restricted needs of the congregation alone. In the latter office it has developed a spiritual depth and fitness of expression formerly but rarely reached; but to keep it within this narrow domain is to limit it unduly. The type of pastoral prayer which begins, continues and ends with the worshiping company itself may well be called the *subjective* communal prayer. As such it represents the very heart and soul of communal prayer. But it needs to be supplemented by the altruistic mind, which also is the mind of Christ—solicitude for the Church Universal and concern for the aims and work of the Kingdom of God, and for humanity itself. Prayer for the *unification of the church,* so requisite for fulfilling the urgent mission of the church in the modern world, is especially fitting at the present time.

The wide inclusiveness of the pastoral prayer calls for a Christian sensitiveness on the part of the minister to world conditions. It sometimes happens that on certain Sundays the thoughts of the people are occupied, when they come to church, with issues not designated in the church year which move the Christian mind deeply. These issues are often preached about—too often perhaps in view of still deeper interests of the spiritual life—rather than prayed about. Prayer is sometimes better than preaching at times of crisis. The pastor fails to voice the prayer of his people unless he is sensitive to its wider as well as its deeper humane, spiritual longings.

. . . .

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay."

"And all together pray"—this is a spiritual instinct, and a means of inner refreshment, which lies deep within the human heart, and in no way can it be expressed with such joy and inner uplift and strengthening as when common worship culminates in the prayer, in which the pastor lifts the needs and aspirations of his people to God.

Life and Libraries

THE preacher must be a man of books but he must not be a bookish man. The minister whose sermons are mere series of quotations, strung together on a thread of comment, will weary people of scholarship without making it appear that he is a scholar.

"I heard a preacher once," wrote Emerson, "who sorely tempted me to say that I would go to church no more. A snowstorm was falling around us. The storm was real; the preacher merely spectral. . . . He had lived in vain. He had no word intimitating that he had laughed or wept, was married or in love, had been commended or cheated or chagrined. If he had ever lived and acted, we were none the wiser for it. The capital secret of his profession, namely, to convert life into truth, he had never learned."

Few men are born to be great preachers, but any man, with ordinary gifts, may fit himself for noble preaching, if he be willing to submit to a life-long discipline. The literature of the world must pour into his mind the riches of the centuries, while his contacts with the lives of men keep him sympathetic and understanding. He must not immure himself in a study; still less must he be a busy gadabout, trotting around the town on errands that are a waste of precious time. Let him hear "what the centuries have to say against the hours"; but let him not be oblivious to the revelation of eternal truth that is to be found by sensitive minds and hearts in the morning newspaper, or the word of a little child.

ALVIN W. MAGARY.

'Luccock, Patton and Palmer rolled into one' is the way Dr. Charles Clayton Morrison, Editor of The *Christian Century Pulpit,* describes the new book

Highland Shepherds

By ARTHUR WENTWORTH HEWITT

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WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE

REV. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK *has* been professor of practical theology at Union Theological Seminary since 1915 and during this same period he has ministered at Riverside Church in New York city. He reaches an audience of millions through his Sunday afternoon radio broadcasts. Dr. Fosdick has written many books, his latest being entitled *Successful Christian Living.*

Rev. ROY A. BURKHART *is minister of* the First Community Church, Columbus, O. This church has registered extraordinary success in its work with youth, its recreational program and its weekday program of religious education. Early in his career Mr. Burkhart was national director of young people's work in the United Brethren Church, and later was on the staff of the International Council of Religious Education. He writes curriculum material for a number of denominations and is the author of several books. He was awarded M.A. and Ph.D. degrees by the University of Chicago.

Born in England, Rev. HORACE WESTWOOD came to America as a young man. He studied at Garrett Biblical Institute, Meadville Theological School, the University of Chicago and the University of Wisconsin. Entering the Methodist ministry at 20, he later became minister of a Unitarian church in Youngstown, O. Other pastorates were in Winnipeg, Can., and Toledo, O. In 1927 he became National Mission preacher for the Unitarian Laymen's League and was at the same time minister at large for the Universalist General Convention. Since 1934 he has been pastor of First Unitarian Church, Berkeley, Cal.

Born in a Baptist parsonage, Rev. GEORGE C. FETTER is the second son of a family of three boys all of whom are now serving in university pastorates. For the past ten years he has been minister of the University Baptist Church, Minneapolis. Earlier pastorates were at Mt. Carroll and Ottawa, Ill. Mr. Fetter is a graduate of Bucknell University and of Colgate Rochester Divinity School and he has an M.A. from the University of Chicago.

Rev. WALTER DUDLEY CAVERT *has recently* been appointed secretary of Christian education for the Synod of New York with his headquarters at Syracuse. For the past 15 years he has served as minister of the First Presbyterian Church in Oswego. Mr. Cavert has become known throughout his state because of his leadership in bringing churches together in larger parish units.

Rev. PAUL SCHERER *has ministered at* the Holy Trinity Church, New York city, for the past twenty years. He has won favor as a radio preacher and as a speaker before university and college audiences. The sermon published in this issue was delivered over the network of the National Broadcasting Company. Dr. Scherer received his education at the College of Charleston (S. C.) and the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy.

Rev. EDWARD SCRIBNER AMES *is minister* of the University Church of Disciples of Christ, Chicago, and emeritus professor of philosophy at the University of Chicago.

Dr. JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM *is professor* of Christian theology at the Pacific School of Religion.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

HARRISON RAY ANDERSON, Fourth Presbyterian, Chicago. "From Nominal Religion to Personal Faith in God." Job 42:5, 6—"I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee: wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

JAMES GORDON GILKEY, South Congregational, Springfield, Mass. "Deepening Our Faith in God's Love and Care." Deut. 33:27—"The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the Everlasting Arms."

R. E. NIEMANN, Methodist, Howell, Mich. "The Bank of the Saints." II Cor. 6:10—"As poor yet making many rich."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

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Title of Sermon

.....
Text used (write out the text)

.....
Name of minister

.....
Name of church

.....
Address

G. S. STONEBACK, Mennonite, Goshen, Ind. "No Blackout." John 1:5—"The darkness has never put it out." (Goodspeed)

ARTHUR E. FISH, Central Park Congregational, Omaha, Neb. "Unconscious Atheism." Psalm 14:1—"The fool hath said *in his heart:* There is no God."

HAROLD B. BOUGHEY, Methodist, Trevose, Pa. "No Blackout." John 1:5—"The light shines on in the darkness, and the darkness has never overpowered it." (Weymouth)

D. W. CHARLTON, First Baptist, East New Market, Md. "Much Ado About Nothing." Hab. 2:13b, 14—"Peoples wear themselves out for naught: 'Tis the knowledge of the Eternal's glory that shall fill the earth."

ALFRED W. SWAN, First Congregational, Madison, Wis. "Out of a Bramble Bush." Judges 9:8—"The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them."

OTIS LEE MONSON, Methodist, East Wareham, Mass. "Inside Competition." Rom. 7:15—"For that which I do I allow not: for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I."

ROBERT H. STEPHENS, McClure Ave. Presbyterian, Pittsburgh. "Belief Is Not Enough." James 2:19—"Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe, and tremble."

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The Event of the Month

THE WAR came closer home to us on this side of the Atlantic in December. The first real naval battle was fought in South American waters and the light from the burning of the German liner "Columbus" could be seen on the horizon from the Virginia shore, while a Florida harbor became the haven of a German freighter escaping from her British pursuers. The scuttling of the "Columbus" and the "Admiral Graf Spee" was dramatic enough, but the suicide of the latter's Captain Langsdorff throws a more lurid light upon the terrible perversion of human values produced by war than even the voluntary destruction of the proud battleship and the luxury liner. The explanation of the suicide is not yet at hand—if indeed a suicide can ever be "explained." There are two possible conjectures. One is that the captain was reprimanded by Berlin for taking refuge in the Montevideo harbor rather than fighting to a finish with the three British ships the heaviest of which he had actually put out of action. This theory gives a plausible psychological basis for the suicide, on the ground that life under the wrath of Hitler would be unendurable. The other conjecture is that Captain Langsdorff took his life under a naval code of honor which demands that the commander shall share the fate of his ship. No doubt, the German authorities will put this interpretation upon it, thus adding to the "glory" of German seamanship, rather than disclose the fact that the captain had failed in his "primary duty" to go down with his ship in action. Within the framework of war, "honor" takes on a definition all its own.

War Crosses The Ocean

The Book of the Month

IS THIS RELIGION? *by Frank B. Fagerburg. The Judson Press. $1.50.*

THIS is a book of sermons—fourteen of them—by the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Los Angeles. To my mind they represent Christian preaching at its very best. The field from which the sermons are chosen is not the whole field of the Christian gospel, and that makes their impact the more acute. The book might have been entitled "Religion—Bad and Good." That there is such a thing as bad religion needs to be brought forcibly to our attention. To say that a person is *religious,* does not tell us much. Everybody is religious in some way, even those "whose God is their belly," to whom St. Paul refers without apology for his inelegant language. Seven sermons in this book deal with bad or spurious types of religion. These are religion as a Bargain, a Gamble, an Escape, an Opiate, a form of Wishful Thinking, a Prop for the Weak, and Second-Hand Religion. With rare keenness he exposes the self-deception which characterizes these spurious religious professions. Every sermon shows keen insight into the heart of man. The other seven sermons are constructive interpretations of true religion. The style is vivid, warm and tender—the kind of tenderness that springs from the heart of a pastor who genuinely loves his flock because he knows them so humanly.

A Thought for the Month

CAN we believe in God when the world is in chaos? My answer to this question is that it should be easier for the Christian to believe in God when the times are out of joint than when the world's affairs seem to be running in a smooth and orderly manner. For the *Christian,* I say. Christianity comes alive in periods like that in which we now live. This is not because God is not present in the piping times of peace, but because we then forget his presence and fall under the illusion that the order and peace which we enjoy are human achievements. In such times we imagine that Man is the master of his fate and, worshiping man, we forget God. But when the stabilities of life are broken down, when the world is in conflict and disarray, when hatred and fear and the lust of conquest actuate mankind, when "civilization" seems to stand on the verge of collapse, when the future is uncertain and unpredictable, then Christian faith emerges from the obscurity to which it has been consigned and becomes the only ground of human hope. Christianity has always asserted itself most vigorously in such a time. It had its origin in the consciousness that the existing world was evil. It set itself over against a secular order that was going down. It gained its first triumphs and flourished marvelously in the midst of chaos. When Rome finally collapsed, it was the Christian faith, reinterpreted by St. Augustine, that saved the soul of civilization and laid the foundations of a new order of human society. Christian faith sees God most clearly when darkness covers the face of the earth. This is because the very essence of Christianity is the conviction that, not man, but God, is the sovereign of history. The chaos of the present hour is to the Christian the manifestation of God's judgment upon human sin and upon a world order based upon human pride and rejection of God. The divine arm is laid bare, not in destruction for its own sake, but in destruction for the sake of the fulfilment of the divine purpose. In what form this purpose will eventually manifest itself, no man knows. But of this the Christian is sure, that

Faith Amid Chaos

> "Deep in unfathomable mines
> Of never failing skill
> He treasures up his vast designs
> And works his gracious will."

Charles Clayton Morrison

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